

THE RABBIT AND MR. HEDGEHOG

One bright September day, while Uncle Frank and the little cousins were in the woods a hedgehog ran across the path. Little Dandelion exclaimed: "Oh, look at his funny, crooked legs." And then Uncle Frank replied, "Yes, and in the old country those legs were the cause of one of the queerest races ever run. I'll tell you a story about it at dinner time." And so, after the lunch had been eaten and all the little folks were still, Uncle Frank began:

"One bright morning in the early fall Mr. Hedgehog stood at the door of his house, dressed in his best clothes, for it was Sunday, and no good hedgehog labors on that day. And so, as he could do no work, he concluded to go over toward the creek and see how his turnips were coming on. The air had all the softness of autumn; the leaves were glorious in their fall coloring, and fields and woods were very beautiful. As Master Hedgehog strolled along, switching the grass with his stick, he could not help feeling very joyful; and so he hummed snatches of song or whistled softly to himself. When he came to the creek he stopped a long time and admired his reflection in the water. Oh, he was very well pleased with himself and had he not a right to be? For, thought he, 'I have a wife and interesting children, enough turnips in my field to furnish food all winter and besides all that, I am Mr. Hedgehog, the most admirable creature in the woods. Yes, beyond a doubt, I am the finest fellow in this part of the country. But I must be off. That turnip field needs close watching this time of year.'

"So saying, he picked up his hat and stick and continued on his way. When he arrived at the turnip patch he was more than pleased, for there was a fine crop of the sweet roots on which he and his family were to live all winter. But it so happened that Master Rabbit had come to the same place that morning to see how his turnips were coming on; and so just as Mr. Hedgehog was feeling the best satisfied with himself he was surprised to find that he was not alone. He saw a small white rabbit, and he was so surprised to see him that he called out: 'Hello, Mr. Rabbit, how are you?'

"Good morning, Master Crooked-shank, how do you do this morning?"

"Mr. Hedgehog was too surprised to speak, and I am afraid he was a little angry, too. For, when a fellow thinks a good deal of himself, it is pretty bad to have a vulgar rascal like Mr. Rabbit speak to him; but when the rascal calls the gentleman bad names does he think he is to be excused if he gets angry? And then, too, Mr. Rabbit chose just the name that most offends a Hedgehog: for this family all have weak, little, crooked legs—so weak that they are almost useless for running. Of course, then, Mr. Hedgehog was angry and hurt at Mr. Rabbit's familiarity. But he was a brave little fellow, and vain of his fine appearance; and so he looked the Rabbit square in the eye and said in a bold voice:

"Do you mean to imply that my legs are not as strong and as straight as yours?"

"Why, of course they are not," answered Mr. Rabbit.

"Perhaps you think you could beat me in a race, too?" demanded Mr. Hedgehog.

"The Rabbit laughed loud and long. When he got his wind he said:

"My dear Hedgehog, I could beat you in any race at any distance much more easily than you could beat the toad there. Why, the very thought of it makes me laugh. And then he wheezed and whooped until one would have thought he would burst.

"Of course, Mr. Hedgehog grew more and more angry at such slight. Perhaps his anger made him rash; at any rate, he slapped his pocketbook and cried hotly:

"If you dare to bet with me I'll run a race that will shame every rabbit in creation. Come, come, don't be a coward. Put up your money or shut up about being a runner."

"O, all right," carelessly answered Mr. Rabbit; "if you wish to swell my bank account I don't care. What shall we wager?"

"Well," replied the Hedgehog, "a five-dollar gold piece and a bottle of wine."

"Very good," coolly said the Rabbit as he recorded the wager in his notebook. "I'll leave the selection of the ground to you. When will you be ready?"

"If you will call around at my place after dinner we'll go out and settle our quarrel then," answered Mr. Hedgehog.

So they parted, the Rabbit hopping gaily about the turnip patch, laughing to himself

A new version of an old German tale wherein the unusually weak Mr. Rabbit is overcome by the strength of his enemy. Written for young readers by Professor Lewis C. Ward.

at the Hedgehog's folly. The latter went homeward, walking slowly as if engaged in deep thought. When he came to his house he went in and ordered his wife to hurry the dinner. While she bustled about, he went to his room and put on his old clothes. By and by, he came down to dinner. His wife threw up her hands in astonishment at his wearing his working clothes on Sunday and demanded the reason.

"Why," said Mr. Hedgehog, "I have wagered a five-dollar gold piece that I can beat the Rabbit in a race, and—"

"What?" screamed Mrs. Hedgehog. "Have you lost your senses? Are you crazy? Do you think that you, with your little legs, can beat the Rabbit, whom not even the dog can catch. You are surely going mad, and I half believe—"

"Shut up!" snapped her husband. "Hurry up your dinner and get into your old clothes. I am going to need your help. O, you needn't say you won't, or I'll use the broomstick again!"

Then the wife said no more; but as she flew around getting dinner ready she grumbled and muttered at her husband. The meal was soon prepared, and as Mr. Hedgehog's morning walk had made him hungry the dishes were shortly licked clean.

After resting a little while he smoked his pipe. Mr. Hedgehog called his wife and interesting children, enough turnips in my field to furnish food all winter and besides all that, I am Mr. Hedgehog, the most admirable creature in the woods. Yes, beyond a doubt, I am the finest fellow in this part of the country. But I must be off. That turnip field needs close watching this time of year."

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reducing other ants to actual slavery; with surprising ingenuity in the construction of nests and hills, and with remarkable martial exploits and predatory expeditions.

I am told that the water at the sides and bottom of a river flows slower than that of the rest of the stream, and can't understand why the water flows slower. There are rivers that actually dry up in their course, this having no outlet to sea or lake—A. R. This is because of the retarding influence of friction on bottom and sides of the channel. A stream's swiftest flow is at the midstream surface. 2. Yes; there are many such, especially in the arid regions of central Asia.

Will you publish a short sketch of G. A. Henry?—E. H. He was born at Trumpington, Cambridge, Dec. 8, 1832, and was educated at Westminster and Calus College, Cambridge. He entered the army and became purveyor, resigning to engage in mining in Italy. Then he was newspaper correspondent, serving in a half dozen wars and military expeditions. His books for boys number over seventy.

What is the nearest any explorer has been to the north pole and to the south pole, and who were they?—W. M. To the north pole, 223 miles (86 degrees 31 minutes), by a party from the expedition of the Duke of Arroz, led by Captain Cagni, this in April, 1901. To the south pole, 704 miles (78 degrees 56 minutes), by Captain Borzhgrevik, early in the spring of 1900. Well-equipped exploring expeditions now are in both Arctic and Antarctic seas, and may have exceeded these advances.

Will you give me some information about Chippendale furniture?—M. S. G. It takes its name from Thomas Chippendale, an English manufacturer, who did a thriving business in London in the last half of the eighteenth century. Volumes of his designs published then exist to-day, his hundreds of copper plate engravings showing that he was a free adapter of both French and Chinese designs, his output being marked by delicacy and artistic taste and noticeable for its abundance of minute molding and carving in solid wood.

When and by whom was the following prayer composed? I pray the Lord my soul to keep, If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.—E. W. No one knows. The prayer is from "The New England Primer," whose second edition was advertised by a Boston printer as in press in 1781. The earliest edition is said

to have had the first line, "Now I lay me down to take my sleep," but no copy of it is known to exist.

What is iodine, where is it obtained and for what is it most used?—Celt. An element found in sea water, many forms of marine life, in some land plants and in many minerals. It is obtained commercially from the seaweed known as kelp and from Chile saltpeter, in each of which it is present to the extent of 2 per cent, or less. Aniline colors take up perhaps a fifth of the entire output of iodine, much less is used in photography and the mass of it is used in medicines.

Who are the present rulers of European countries?—J. E. J. These are the more important ones: Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria-Hungary; King Leopold II, of Belgium; Prince Ferdinand, of Bulgaria; King Christian IX, of Denmark; President Emile Loubet, of France; Emperor William II, of Germany; King Edward VII, of Great Britain and Ireland; King George V, of Greece; King Victor Emmanuel III, of Italy; Queen Wilhelmina, of the Netherlands; King Carlos, of Portugal; King Charles, of Roumania; Emperor Nicholas II, of Russia; King Alexander, of Servia; King Alfonso XIII, of Spain; King Oscar II, of Sweden and Norway; President Zemp, of Switzerland, and Sultan Abdul Hamid II, of Turkey.

Can you give the names and addresses of the thirteen congressmen from this State? Their Indiana residence is meant. Can you give the titles of the ten Biddle libraries? Is it still undivided?—W. E. James A. Hemenway, Bloomville; Robert W. Miers, Bloomington; William H. Corydon; Francis M. Griffith, Vevay; Elias S. Holliday, Brazil; James E. Watson, Rushville; Jesse Overstreet, Indianapolis; George W. Cromer, Muncie; Charles B. Landis, Delphi; Edgar D. Crumpacker, Valparaiso; George W. Steele, Marion; James M. Robinson, Fort Wayne; A. L. Brick, South Bend. The names are given in the order of the districts. We understand that it has been scattered, a part of it going to the Logansport public library.

DITTANY DAY.

Here and there, in the glad and lovely revel of summer bloom, come enchanting days which seem to hold high festival—albeit their hours of dream set sacredly apart—in honor of some fair and beautiful flower. In the hushed woods, where these mystic rites are observed, all other growing things appear to recede into an inconspicuous background; the sky seems clearer, the sunny day more sunny, in the reigning presence of the new-born, exquisite, perfect blossom for which the feast of homage is made. Well and wisely might the lover of the country-side keep faithful calendar of such days, to rejoice in their fragrant remembrance when the gala time is past. Even without this aid to memory a few notably wonderful days linger in the mind: "Wild geranium day," last May, when the roadsides were a winding procession of these dainty pink flowers, almost flying on the inspiring spring breeze; and, in August, "Wild bergamot day," when, at every turn, in woods and thickets, were massed luxuriantly the rose-purple, odoriferous tufts of this ancient rustic favorite.

Early in peninsular September, the year's most potent charm is bound into the span of soft September days—"is celebrated 'Dittany day,' the jubilee time of a modest but engaging little herb, dittany of Crete, 'mountain dittany,' which grows in its greatest perfection and abundance on Mount Ida, of the Isle of Crete. Surely, as sweet marjoram, the more imposing cousin of dittany, was called by the Greeks 'de-light of the mountains,' dittany, whose purple clusters of bloom and pretty little green bushes brighten dusty, rocky slopes when all is parched and sere, deserves the similar title of 'joy of the hills.' Its aromatic leafage responds to the passing footsteps like spicy pennyroyal; and if, as tradition goes, there be flowers for every mood of the mind, let cheerful, lowly dittany stand for hopefulness, fit symbol of the unconquered soul, victorious over adverse fate and undaunted amid drear surroundings.

With revival of belief in the subtle potency of scents, dittany, though seldom mentioned in modern chronicles of old times, should come again to its own. Like balm, bergamot, pennyroyal, and many other herbs of yesterday, dittany's lovely little blossoms or fragrant leaves could, no doubt, work effective charm against 'evil spirits, vain imaginations and devils,' or 'cleanse the brain and expel all careful thoughts and anxious melancholy.' It belongs to the mint family, and is catalogued among 'plants growing on waste soil.' It is also called 'stone mint,' from its sturdy downy barren hillside and up every rocky slope now blossoms dittany. Green and fresh are its pungent leaves and delicately lovely its thickly clustering, tiny purple trumpets. Naught else in bloom delights the flower seeker's eye to-day as does bright little dittany; its 'wild mint's' prayer floats upon the air and wailing summer's blessing is upon it. It is a dainty bloom—herb of the hills, perhaps wind-blow to-morrow; but its tiny leaves fit for fairy laurels. Were I a shepherd, to lead my flocks afield in musing mind—in this 'shadow-time of September'—my choice for an autumn chaplet would be fragrant dittany.

"Old Man Joe," a relic of slave times, worked on this upland farm forty years ago, and at nightfall would plod away to his cabin under the hill, bearing his bundles of dittany. When questioned as to his use of the herb, he answered: "We all makes tea outa dittany. Yes'm, dittany makes heap better tea 'n store tea. Yes'm."

In the beautiful color scheme of this gentle month, "when morns are meeker than they were" and the meadow-lark sits long on the mossy hill, yellow is the dominant note. Amber buds on a purple thread are fair September's only wear. Along the open lanes goldenrod glows, against sharp meadows which are golden-brown, and its silver ghost glimmers mistily beside it. The yellow primrose still blooms—"primrose-trew"—and the Michaelmas "daisies" golden-eyes are opening. Beech leaves are yellowing slowly, and yellow leaves show amid the green of the locusts and the poplars. Over the far hills the purple and blue floats yellow instead of purple, and down the long, green valley and the ravines hang listlessly soft opal clouds in a sweet, misty blue sky. Mock oranges are turning yellow in the hedge, and only the red sassafras leaves and the sumach plumes link golden September with the bright glow of October.

Before the hilltop lane curves down toward the farm, heavy, ferny, deep-green leaves and rich orange buttons of old tansy are seen massed in a tangled bank, where they have strayed outside of the cottage fence. Tansy tells many things; it was used as a tonic drink in old days and as a freckle lotion; in old New England its spicy greenery was mixed with rue and rosemary to line coffins. Tansy-olette was known in the fourteenth century. It was also eaten at Easter as a peacock's memorial; and tansy pancakes or fritters were popular in England as late as 1833. At the bend of the road shines a bright clump of yellow and white "butter and eggs," and, as Nature loves reminiscences, a pale yellow dandelion still gleams in the grass along the hedge. Homely catnip is still in bloom in the lane to the woods, and there, too, are the almost infinitesimal blossoms of

UPLIFTING MANKIND.

owned the Place had lost the Key and could not lock up. Here he met several Delegates to a State Convention of a Fraternal Order having for its Purpose the uplifting of Mankind. They were Blue Badges, and were fighting to get their Money into the Cash Register. In a little while he and a red-headed Delegate were up by

pennyroyal. An old family medicine book says quaintly: "This well-known herb needs no description; it grows everywhere and is known by everybody." Yellow are the berry vines, and the pear orchards file off toward the horizon in shone yellow ranks; across the valley-vista shine golden cornfields on a golden hillside, and yellow gleam the pastures and the downy seed pods of unnumbered weeds and grasses.

Meanwhile, along the high rail fence of the lower meadow, and by the hedge toward the little corner farm burying-ground, where two grandfathers and a baby lie, stands pokeweed. "Pokeweed, staliest of herbs, high-colored with its crimson stalks and purple-black berries, dripping with blood-red juice." From many towering bushes all the ripe berries are gone; "pigeon berry" they are also called, and the birds know their harvest time. "In the distribution of talents," says Alice Lounsberry, "it is not given to everyone to be an admirer of pokeweed." If the pokeweed were rare, with its greenish-white bunches of berries, ripening from the end in rich purple rosettes, and its fine, strong, crimson stalks and vigorous green leaves, what a coveted garden ornament it would be. John Burroughs admires the pokeweed and describes it as a "lusty, royal plant; it never invades cultivated fields, but hovers about the borders and looks over the fences like a painted Indian sashem." Like dittany, pokeweed flourishes in uncultivated and neglected ground. Pokeweed is a begonia. But the exclusive pioneers were the victims of their own renown.

"This season the invasion from the West, the far West especially, was more marked than ever, and drastic measures were adopted. The old cottagers are in the majority, and control the local politics. Consequently the taxes were raised, but the

Whip and begging people to get up on the Wagon with him. And he said it was a Queer Thing, but he couldn't bear the Sight of it.

While on the fourth Evening he confessed to some nice People he met at a Church Social that at one time he had allowed himself to be coaxed into taking an occasional Nip, but he reasoned it all out and decided it was a Bad Thing, and simply Chopped it right off. They told him it was wonderful how much Will Power he had, and asked him if he ever felt the Old Craving coming back on him, and he said he could see it splashing all around him and not have the faintest Desire to dip in.

He was so stuck on himself that he went around to call on all his Friends who kept it on the Table, so that he could wave it to one side and tell how he despised it. He sat there and plied those who were inhaling it. Every Morning when he arose he would throw kisses to himself in the Glass and exclaim: "Aha! The Head as clear as a Bell this A. M. I'll bet I'm the cleanest and nicest Young Fellow in this Town. Any Girl that picks out a Sober and Steady Man such as I am will certainly be showing good Judgment."

As Narrated at the Beginning, for three weeks he worked hard at the Job of being an Abstainer. And at last he accumulated a Sense of Virtue that weighed over two hundred Pounds. He knew that he was entitled to a Reward, so he decided to buy himself a little Present. Just a wee Reminder of by-gone Days, and then back to Sarsaparilla. But he fell into a Crowd. There was another State Convention. It had been arranged for him so that he could get a Fresh Start.

Moral: Life is a Series of Relapses and Recoveries.

lowed long which was once a "salt-lick" for the cattle, and lies down, panting, under the big beech tree. As time goes by and she does not move he looks at the darkening sunset hills and at the shadowy lane. At length he rises, and with fawning backward glances at the long shadows in the woods, he starts off home alone. Strange, strange count on the part of faithful Sheppy; but his responsive soul has felt the influence of meditative September.

"The day has been an illuminated text, fairer than any missal of old," but the meadow evening, too, has brought its message. As the golden day closes, like the evening of the day, it points forward to other times, and other promised joys; the long indoor evening and the blazing hearth.

EMMA CARLETON.
New Albany, Ind., Sept. 30.

The Old Story.

We are very slightly changed. From the semi-apes who ranged India we have become men. Whoso drew the longest bow, the bravest warrior, the bravest man, as we run men to-day.

"Dow," the first of all his race, Met the Mammoth face to face On the lake or in the cave, Stole the steamed turkey, Ate the quarry others slew, Died—and took the finest grave.

When they scratched the reindeer-bone, Stole the reindeer's skin for his own, Flashed it from the artist—then, Even in those early days, Was a simple 'reveler's' praise Through the toil of other men.

Erre they heaved the Sphinx's visage Favoritism governed kinsage, Even as it does in this age. Who shall doubt the secret hid Under Cheops's pyramid? Was that the contractor did? Or that Joseph's sudden rise To Controller of Supplies Was a fraud of monstrous size On King Pharaoh's swart Civilians?

Thus, the artless songs I sing Do not deal with anything but New or never said before. As in the beginning, Is to-day official singing. And shall be forevermore.

—Rudyard Kipling.

Insure with German Fire Insurance of Indiana. General offices 23 South Delaware street. Fire, tornado and explosion.

MODERN FABLES BY GEORGE ADE.

The Modern Fable of the Periodical Souze, the Never-Again Feeling and the Ride on the Sprinkling Cart.

Copyright, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.

Once there was an Indian who had a Way of putting on all his Feathers and breaking out of the Reservation.

For three Weeks at a Stretch he gave a Correct Imitation of the Shining Light who passes the Basket and superintends the Repairs on the Parsonage. He was entitled to a Mark of 100 for Deportment. With his



A FROLICsome HOUR.

Meals he drank a little Polly. After Dinner he smoked one Perfecto, and then, when he had put in a frolicsome Hour or so with the North American Review, he crawled into the Hay at 9:30 p. m.

At last he accumulated a Sense of Virtue that was hard to carry around. He was proud of himself when he counted up the number of days during which he had stuck to the Straight and Narrow. It seemed to him he deserved a Reward. So he decided to buy himself a little Present, something costing about 15 cents. He picked out a First-Class Place where they had Electric Fans and Pictures by the Old Masters. He poured out a Workingman's Size—the kind that makes the Barkeep stop wiping up and look unfriendly for a Moment or two.

Then he remembered that a Bird cannot fly with one Wing, so he gently raised the Index Finger and gave the Prescription Clerk a Look which, in the Sign Language, means "Repeat the Dose."

It is an Historical Fact that when a Man falls backward from the Water Wagon he always lands in a Crowd. The full Stage Setting, the Light Effects and the Red Fire were all ready to make it a Spectacular Affair. Just after he had moved away No. 2 and had stopped worrying about the Winter's Coal he began to meet Friends who were dying of Thirst. Then the atmosphere began to be curdled with High Balls and Plymouth Sours and Mint Smashes, and he was telling a Shoe Drummer that a lot of People who had been knocking him would probably be working for him before the Year was out.

Then he found himself in a four-armed Cablet, and the Sea became very Rough. There was something out of Whack with the Steering Gear, for instead of bringing up at his Boarding House he found himself at another Rum Parlor. The Man who



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OBJECT TO WESTERNERS.

A Social War on Boston's North Shore.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

"A condition of things exists here which is amusing to all except the persons concerned," writes a member of Boston's most fashionable north shore colony. "The persons who were instrumental in building up this place and made it the fashionable center it is are members of Boston's most conservative set and are very clamish. When our fame for grand social pleasures and the other things that only come with social ambition, backed with plenty of the where-withal to push it, went abroad, strangers began to arrive. If they could not secure villas they built them and put up at the nearest hotel until their cottages were ready. The conservative Bostonians watched this invasion from the West with extreme displeasure and took steps to guard against its continuance. But the exclusive pioneers were the victims of their own renown."

"This season the invasion from the West, the far West especially, was more marked than ever, and drastic measures were adopted. The old cottagers are in the majority, and control the local politics. Consequently the taxes were raised, but the

Westerners paid on the increased valuations put on their properties without a grumble. "This made the conservative, original element the more resentful, and the fires were fanned when one of the richest of the invaders was quoted as saying that she regarded the resort as a stepping stone to Newport, and proposed to work it for all it was worth. Some backbaiting at the local country club followed.

"Thus this season comes to a close with this fashionable colony of rich people divided into two opposing factions. There is much hard feeling that finds expression in words which will probably lead to a worse condition of things unless some master of tact can bring peace out of the social bushwhacking that now exists.

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